

Wolf Man

I had never stood on Blackberry Hill without the warm glow of a summer's sun before. But now, eerie shapes hung above me and an owl hooted somewhere in the darkness beyond. Trees swayed in the light breeze and the clouds drifted away to reveal a full circle of magic and madness.

Peter dropped to the floor. His eyes grew black and his back began to arch. His hair grew thicker and longer and before long he had grown both claws and fangs.

For a while he did nothing. Silence. Then, without warning, he stood on his two back legs and gave out a bloodcurdling howl. And at that very moment I knew that it was not Peter who now stood on Blackberry Hill but a werewolf – half man, half wolf!

The legend was true.

As I watched from behind a bramble bush, this monstrous creature began to sniff the late November air. Suddenly, he stared straight into my eyes and began running towards me.

My heart began to pound. My hands began to tremble. There was only one thing that would stop him now - a silver bullet. I pulled out my gun and waited. Closer and closer he came, growling and snarling as he ran. And when he jumped in the air to pounce on me....

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Slowly the werewolf changed back to Peter. He turned his head. 'Thank you,' he whispered and closed his blue eyes. The monster was dead but so was my brother - shot through the heart.

The village was safe once again.

As I walked home I felt something wet and warm trickle down my cheek. I touched my face and looked at my red fingers in the moonlight. In the fight Peter had scratched me.

Was the curse of the werewolf really over?

Only time and the next full moon would tell...

